



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

tures in this performance. Her first scene, where Medea removes her veil and discovers herself to Creon and Jason, was a fine piece of impassioned recitation, admirably supported, too, by Mr. Santley as the King, who gave the denunciations of Creon with noble energy. Medea's air, on the other hand, "Dei tuoi figli," was a touching display of the grief of the deserted wife. The great duet which closes the first act (a grand piece of dramatic writing), in which Medea upbraids Jason and threatens him with vengeance for his approaching marriage with Dirce, was splendidly given, both by Mdle. Tietjens and by Signor Mongini, whose first performance of Jason was not only a great improvement on its previous representation, but also one of the best of this artist's various impersonations. Medea's air in the second act, "A Medea degna," in which she implores mercy from the wrathful Creon, was another instance of Mdle. Tietjens' power of pathetic expression; and in the following scene with Jason Signor Mongini was admirable for his impressive earnestness of style. Excellent, also, on both sides was the delivery of the beautiful and elaborate duet near the end of the second act, where Medea alternately reproaches Jason and supplicates him for the restoration of her children. In Medea's declamatory sentence, and her pathetic air at the commencement of the third act, "Del rio dolor," expressive of her hopeless despair, and up to the tragic climax of the opera, Mdle. Tietjens' singing and acting were characterized by impulsive yet dignified energy, and grandeur of vocal declamation, which it would be difficult to parallel on the lyric stage of the day. Her delivery of the long recitative before the temple, commencing "Ma che! son io Medea," in which she struggles between her love for her children and her determination of vengeance on their father, was a splendid piece of impassioned singing. We have already spoken incidentally of Signor Mongini's capital performance as Jason, and must now specify his air in the first act, "Or che sciolto," in which he congratulates himself on his supposed freedom from the terrible Medea—one of those quiet pieces of vocal expression which are more difficult to render effective than a brilliant *bravura* song. Signor Mongini gave this with all the beauty of tone and command of the higher notes of the chest voice which are usual with him; and with an unbroken flow of *cantabile* and an absence of sudden spasmodic effort, which we have been glad to notice several times of late as a welcome departure from a practice which Signor Mongini used occasionally to indulge in, to the prejudice of his many high merits. We have already referred to his excellent singing in the great duets with Medea in the first and second acts—equally admirable was his delivery of various passages of declamatory recitative up to the final climax of horror and passion; altogether constituting one of the best and most equally sustained of Signor Mongini's various performances. The part of Creon was, as in former seasons, most impressively rendered by Mr. Santley. His solo in the first act, "Deh! veglia," in which he invokes a blessing on the approaching union of his daughter Dirce with Jason, was given with intense yet refined expression; while the following fine declamatory scene with Medea was, on each side, a masterpiece of musical declamation; as may also be said of various other prominent incidental passages. The small

part of Neris was, as formerly, most efficiently filled by Mdle. Sinico, who gave her principal air, "Si, le pene," with genuine pathetic expression. The *obbligati* passages for bassoon solo interspersed in the accompaniment to this air were played with much refinement of tone and execution by M. Raspi. The part of Dirce received much more justice on this occasion from Mdle. Baumeister than from its former representative. This young lady's voice is a pure light soprano of fresh and musical quality, and she sings with good intonation and much quiet grace and genuine expression. Her air in the first act, "Imen, vien dissipar," was received with great and deserved applause. The *obbligati* flute passages with which this song is plentifully embroidered, were played by Herr Svendsen with rare beauty of tone and refined finish of style and execution. Prominent also, in the following scene, was the *obbligato* oboe playing of M. Crozier—these exquisite instrumental details, which Cherubini has scattered with such a free yet skillful hand in the instances referred to, being conspicuous alike for their own beauty and their admirable execution on this occasion.

The subordinate characters of Lamia and Clyte were efficiently filled by Mdle. Marini and Madame Tagliafico. The splendid, frequently sublime, choral music of this truly grand opera was extremely well sung; an occasional want of *piano* being almost inevitable from the excessive use made by Cherubini, in the chorusses as well as in the solos, of the extreme high notes of the voice. The beautiful chorus of "Dirce, a te vien," following the march which welcomes the approach of the victorious Jason—the sublime choral hymn, "Figlio di Bacco," in which a vocal *canto-fermo* is sustained in admirable contrast to the movement of the instrumental march—the following bridal chorus, so full of fresh melodious beauty—with other incidental choral passages, such as that magnificent, although brief, burst of general horror at the first appearance of the dreaded Medea, ("Medea, giusto ciel,") all were given with excellent effect; while those rich and elaborate orchestral details which render this opera, apart from its higher merits, a study merely for its instrumentation, were played with admirable spirit and precision, the noble overture and the splendid symphonic storm movement preceding the third act having produced a profound impression. The connecting passages of recitative added by Signor Arditì, the conductor, are most judiciously and skillfully interwoven; and the entire performance is a memorable incident of the season. That the opera should have been so seldom given since its production here in 1865, and only once this year, is a fact that would almost tend to weaken a belief in the supposed progress of musical taste among the English public, since Cherubini's *Medea*, compared to some favorite modern operas, is almost as the sublimity of Milton to the broad-grin style of modern burlesque. One could almost wish for some form of art-tyranny to enforce the frequent performance of such a work, as a corrective to a too prevalent frivolity of taste.

A GREAT WRITER'S OPINION OF A GREAT MUSICIAN.—Jean Paul said of the composer of *Don Juan*: "Every note of Mozart's is a round in the ladder of the spheres by which he ascended to the Heaven of perfection."

(From the Atlantic Monthly for September.)

## THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

"The women of Columbus, Mississippi, animated by nobler sentiments than are many of their sisters, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of the dead. They strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the National."—*New York Tribune*.

By the flow of the inland river,  
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,  
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,  
Asleep are the ranks of the dead ;—  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day ;—  
Under the one, the Blue ;  
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,  
Those in the gloom of defeat,  
All with the battle-blood gory,  
In the dusk of eternity meet ;—  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day ;—  
Under the laurel, the Blue ;  
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours  
The desolate mourners go,  
Lovingly laden with flowers  
Alike for the friend and the foe ;—  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day ;—  
Under the roses, the Blue ;  
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor  
The morning sun-rays fall,  
With a touch, impartially tender,  
On the blossoms blooming for all ;  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day ;—  
Brodered with gold, the Blue ;  
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the Summer calleth,  
On forest and field of grain  
With an equal murmur falleth  
The cooling drip of the rain ;—  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day ;—  
Wet with the rain, the Blue ;  
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,  
The generous deed was done ;  
In the storm of the years that are fading,  
No braver battle was won ;—  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day ;—  
Under the blossoms, the Blue,  
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,  
Or the winding rivers be red ;  
They banish our anger forever  
When they laurel the graves of our dead !  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day ;—  
Love and tears for the Blue,  
Tears and love for the Gray.

F. M. FINCH.

SOMETHING LIKE REMUNERATION.—Anaxenor, a celebrated harp player of Thyana, received, for his virtuosity on the harp, from the Triumvir Marcus Antonius, a special body-guard and four cities for his maintenance. Oh, Messieurs Chatterton and Thomas, John and Ap', why did not you live in the time of Marcus Antonius!